PR
1261
E8+
1912

PR
1261
E8+
1912

Cornell University Library

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
FROM THE
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND
THE GIFT OF
Henry W. Sage
1891

A.266010 26/VII/12

5931

Date Due

JAN 23 1952

FEB 27 1954

MAY 10 65 AP 22

JAN 15 '80

Cornell University Library
PR 1261.E8 1912
Everyman.
3 1924 013 324 276

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Everyman

Date of Earliest Known Editions . (1) *Pynson printed between* 1509-30
(2) *Scott printed between* 1528-37
Reproduced in Facsimile 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Everyman

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

A.266010

Everyman

This facsimile reprint of "Everyman" comprises (1) *the complete Scott-printed copy recently acquired by the Trustees of the British Museum under the terms of the "Huth Bequest"; and* (2) *a fragment of an edition printed by R. Pynson, also in the National Collection but which contains only the latter two-thirds of the play. This fragment, probably the earlier edition of the two, restores words and portions of lines dropped out in the two editions printed by Scott.*

Another copy, probably of the Scott-Huth edition, was said by Hazlitt to be in the Salisbury Cathedral Library. More recently, apparently without any attempt to verify the fact, this assertion was repeated by Mr. F. Sidgwick ("Everyman," Introd. p. 7—A. H. Bullen, 1903). *I have the authority of the Salisbury Cathedral Librarian to state that for upwards of thirty years nothing whatever has been seen of this copy.*

There is, however, record of a Scott copy at Britwell Court in addition to those mentioned by Hazlitt.

Another fragment of a Pynson edition is in the Douce collection in the Bodleian Library.

Pynson and Scott were in business during the years mentioned on the half-title of this "prelim."

Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscripts Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original copies, reports that "it is admirably reproduced, especially in the case of the Pynson fragment which is practically faultless." The woodcuts on title-page, recto and verso, are "first-class reproductions, especially the verso which is more difficult than the recto because of the ink showing through."

JOHN S. FARMER.

I. **Everyman:** *the facsimile of the "Huth" copy, printed by Scott (Pressmark "Huth 32." Described in the Official Catalogue of the Huth Bequest,* 1912, *pp.* 53-54.)

Here begynneth a treatyse how the hye fader of heuen sendeth dethe to somon euery creature to come and gyue a counte of theyr lyues in this worlde and is in maner of a morall playe.

Fela wshyp
Euerymans.
Beauty
Dysscrecyō.
Strengthe.
Kynne.

Pray you all gyue your audyence messẽgere
And here this matter with reuerence
By fygure a morall playe
The somonyng of euerymán called it is
That of our lyues and endynge shewes
How transytory we be all daye
This matter is wonderous precyous
But the intente of it is more gracyous
And swete to bere awaye
This story sayeth man in the begynnynge
Loke well & take good hede to the endynge
Be you neuer so gaye
Ye thynke synne in the begynnynge full swete
Whiche in the ende causeth thy soule to wepe
Whan the body lyeth in claye
Here shall you se how felawshyp and iolyte
Bothe strengthe / pleasure / and beaute
Wyll vade from the as floure in maye
For ye shall here / how our heuen kenge
Calleth euerymán to a generall rekenynge
Gyue audyens and here what he wyll saye

¶ God speketh.

¶ I perceyue here in my maiestye God.
How that all creatures / be to me vnkynde
Lyuynge without drede / in worldely prosperytye
Of ghostly syght / the people be so blynde
Drowned in synne / they know me not for ther god
In worldely ryches is all theyr mynde
They fere not my ryghtwylenes / that sharpe rod
My lawe that I shewed / whan I for them dyed
They forgot clene / & sheddynge of my blod so redde
I hanged bytwene two theues / it cannot be denyed

To get them lyfe I suffrede to be deed
I heled theyr fete / with thornes hurt was my heed
I coulde do nomore than I dyde truely
And now I se the people do clene forsake me
They vse the seuen deedly synnes dampnable
As pryde / couetyse / wrathe / and lechery
Now in the worlde be made commendable
And thus they leue of aungeles ẏ heuenly cōpany
Euery man lyueth so after his owne pleasure
And yet of theyr lyfe they be not sure
I se the more that I them forbere
The worse they are from yere to yere
All that lyueth apperyth faste
Therfore I wyll in all the haste
Haue a rekenynge of euery mannes persone
For and I leue the people thus alone
In theyr lyfe and wycked tempestes
Verely they wyll be cume moche worse than bestes
For now one wolde by enuy another vpete
Charytye they all do clene forgete
I hoped well that euery man
In my glorye shulde make his mansyon
And therto I had them all electe
But now I se that lyke traytours deiecte
They thanke me not for the pleasure ẏ I to thē mēt
Nor yet for theyr beynge that I them haue lente
I profered the people great multytude of mercy
And fewe there be that asketh it hertely
They be so cumbred with worldly ryches
That nedes on them I must do iustyce
On euery man lyuynge without feare
Where art thou deth ẏ myghty messengere

Deth.

Almyghtygod I am here at your wyll
your commaundemente to fulfyll
Go thou to eueryman God.
And shewe hym in my name
A pylgrymage/he must on hym take
Which he in no wyse may escape
And that he bringe with hym a sure rekenynge
Without delay or ony taryenge
Lorde I wyll in the worlde go renouer all Deth.
And truely out serche bothe great and small
Eueryman I wyll be set that lyueth beestly
Out of goddes lawes/and dredeth not foly
He that loueth ryches I wyll stryke with my darte
His syght to blynde/and from heuen depart
Excepte that almes dedes be his good frende
In hell for to dwell/worlde without ende
Loo/yonder I se euerman walkynge
Full lytell he thynketh on my cummynge
His mynde is on fleshely lustes/and his treasure
And great payne/it shall cause hym to endure
Before the lorde heuen kynge
Euerman/stonde styll/whether arte ꝑ goynge
Thus gayly hast thou thy maker forget
Euerman.
Why askest thou
Woldest thou wete
Ye serr I wyll shewe you Deth.
In great hast I am sende to the
From god out of his maiestye
What/sende to me euerman
Ye certaynly Deth.

Though thou haue forgete hym here
He thynketh on the in the heuenly spere
As or we departe thou shall knowe

euery man ¶ What desyreth god of me

Deth. ¶ That shall I shewe the
A rekenynge he wyll nedes haue
Without lenger respyte

euery man ¶ To gyue a rekenynge longer layser I craue
This blynde mater trubleth my wytte

Deth. ¶ On the thou must take a longe Journey
Therfore thy boke of counte wͭ the thou brynge
For turne agayne thou can not by no waye
And loke thou be sure of thy rekenynge
For before god shalte thou answere and shewe
Thy many badde dedes and good but a fewe
How thou hast spede thy lyfe and in what wyse
Before the chefe lorde of paradyse
Haue a do that we were in that waye
For wete ẏ well thou shalte make none attournay

euery man ¶ Full vnredy I am suche rekenynge to gyue
I knowe the not what messanger arte thou

Deth. ¶ I am dethe that no man dredeth
For euery man I rest and none spareth
For it is goddes commaundement
That all to me sholde be obedyent

euery man ¶ O deth thou cūmest what I had ẏ leest in mynde
In thy power it lyeth me to saue
yet of my good wyll I gyue the yf ye wyll be kynde
ye a thousande pounde shalte thou haue
And dyfferre this mater tyll another daye

Deth. ¶ Euery man it may not be by no waye
I set not by golde syluer nor rychesse

Ne bypope/emperoure/kynge/duke/ne prynces
For and I wolde receyue gyftes great
All the worlde I myght gete
All my cuſtome is clene contrary
I gyue the no reſpyte come hens and not tary
Alas ſhall I haue no longer reſpyte — euery man
I may ſaye deth geueth no warnynge
To thynke on the it maketh my herte ſecke
For all vnredy is my boke of reckenynge
But .xii. yere and I myght haue a bydynge
My countynge boke I wolde make ſo clere
That my reckenynge I ſholde not nede to fere
Wherfore deth I praye the for goddes mercy
Spare me tyll I be prouyded of remedy
The auayleth not to crye wepe and praye — Deth.
But haſt the lyghtly that ꝑ were gone ꝑ Journaye
And proue thy frendes yf thou can
For wete you well the tyde abydeth no man
And in the worlde eche lyuynge creature
For adams ſynne muſt dye of nature
Deth yf I ſholde this pylgrymage take — euery man
And my reckenynge ſurely make
Shewe me for ſaynt charyte
Sholde I not come agayne ſhortly
No euery man and thou be ones there — Deth.
Thou muſt neuer more come here
Truſt me verely
O gracyous god in hye ſete celeſtyall — euery man
Haue mercy on me in this mooſt nede
Shall I haue no company fro this vale tereſtyall
Of myne aqueyntaunce that waye me to lede — Deth.
Ye yf ony be ſo hardy

greatest - utmost.

That wolde go with the/and bere the cumpany
Hye the that ꝑ were gone to goddes magnyfycens
Thy rekenynge to gyue before his preſence
What/wenyſt thou thy lyfe is gyuen the
And thy worldely gooddes alſo

euery man I had wende ſo verely

Deth. Nay nay/it was but lend the
For as ſone as thou arte go
Another a whyle ſhall haue it/& than go therfro
Euen as thou haſt done
Everyman thou arte mad/ꝑ haſt thy wyttes fyue
And here on erth/wyll not amende thy lyue
For ſodenly I do cume.

euery man O wretched caytyfe whether ſhall I flee
That I myght ſcape this endles ſorow
Now gentyll deth ſpare me tyll to morow
That I may amende me
With good aduyſemente.

Deth. Nay therto I wyll not conſent
For noman wyll I reſpyte
But to the harte ſodenly I ſhall ſmyte
Without any aduyſement
And now out of ſyght I wyll me hye
See thou make the redy ſhortely
For thou mayſt ſaye this is the day
That no man lyuynge may ſcape awaye

euery man Alas I may well wepe with ſyghes depe
Now haue I no maner of cumpany
To helpe me in my tourney/& me to kepe
And alſo my wyttynge is full vnredy
How ſhall I do now for to excuſe me
I wolde to god I had neuer be gete

To my ſoule a great profyte it had be
For now I fere paynes huge and great
The tyme paſſeth/lorde helpe that all wrought
For though I mourne it auaileth nought
The day paſſeth/and is almoſt ago
I wot not well what to do
To whome were I beſt my complante to make
What and I to felawſhyp therof ſpake
And ſhewed hym of this ſodayne chaunce
For in hym is all myne affyaunce
We haue in the worlde ſo many a daye
Be good frendes in ſporte and playe
I ſe hym yonder certaynely
I truſte that he wyll bere me cumpany
Therfore to hym wyll I ſpeke to eaſe my ſorowe
Well met good felawſhyp and good morowe.

¶ Felawſhyp ſpeketh.

¶ Eueryman good morowe by this daye — Felawe.
Syr why lokeſt thou ſo pyteouſly
If any thynge be amys/I pray the me ſaye
That I may helpe to remedy
¶ Ye good felawſhyp ye — eueryman
I am in greate ieopardye
¶ My true frende/ſhewe to me your mynde — Felawe.
I wyll not forſake the/vnto my lyues ende
In the way of good cumpany
¶ That is well ſpoken and louyngly — eueryman
¶ Syr I muſt nedes know your heuynes — Felawe.
I haue pyte to ſe you in any deſtreſſe
If any haue you wronged ye ſhall reuenged be
Though I on the grounde be layne for the
Though that I knowe before that I ſhulde dye

euery man ¶ Veryly felawshyp gramercy
Felawe. ¶ Tusshe / be thy thankes I set not a straw
Shewe me your grefe / and say no more
euery man ¶ yf I my herte shulde to you breke
And than you to turne your mynde from me
And wold not me cōforte / when you here me speke
Than shulde I ten tymes soryer be
Felawe. ¶ Syr I say as I wyll do in dede
euery man ¶ Than be you a good frende at nede
I haue founde you true here before
Felawe. ¶ And so ye shall euermore
For in fayth and thou go to hell
I wyll not forsake the by the waye
euery man ¶ ye speke lyke a good frende / I beleue you well
I shall deserue it and I maye
Felawe. ¶ I speke of no deseruynge / by this daye
For he that wyll saye / and nothynge do
Is not worthy with good company to go
Therfore shew me the grefe of your mynde
As to your frende moste louynge and kynde
euery man ¶ I shall shewe you how it is
Commaunded I am to go a iournaye
A longe waye / herde and daungerous
And gyue a strayte counte without delaye
Before the hye Juge adonay
Wherfore I pray you / bere me company
As ye haue promysed in this iournaye
Felawe. ¶ That is matter in dede / promyse is duyte
But & I shulde take suche a vyage on me
I know it well / it shulde be to my payne
Also it maketh me aferde certayne
But let vs take councell here as we can

For your wordes wold feare a stronge man
¶ Why / ye sayd yf I had nede — euery man
ye wolde me neuer forsake / quycke ne deed
Though it were to bell truely
¶ So I sayde certeynly — Felawe.
But suche pleasures be set aside / the sothe to say
And also yf we toke suche a iournay
Whan shulde we cume agayne
¶ Nay / nyuer agayne / tyll the day of dome — euery man
¶ In fayth than wyll not I cume there — Felawe.
Who hath you these tydynges brought
¶ In dede dethe was with me here — euery man
¶ Now by god that all hath bought — Felawe.
If dethe were the messengere
For no man that is lyuynge to daye
I wyll not go that lothesom iournay
Not for the father that begat me
¶ Ye promysed me other wyse parde — euery man
¶ I wot well I sayde so truely — Felawe.
And yet / yf I wyste ete & dynke & make good chere
Or haunte to women / that lusty company
I wolde not forsake you / whyle the daye is clere
Trouthe me verily
¶ Ye / ther to ye wolde be redy — euery man
To go to mirthe / solace / and playe
Your mynde to folye wyll sonest apply
Than to bere me company in my longe iourney
¶ Nay in good faythe / I wyll not that waye — Felawe.
But and thou wylte murdre / or anyman bete
In that I wyl I helpe the / with a good wyll
¶ O that is a symple aduyse in dede — euery man
Gentyll felawe helpe me in my necessytye

We haue loued longe and now I nede
And now gentyll felawshyp remembre me
Felawe. Whether ye haue loued me or no
By saynt Johñ I wyll not with the go
euery man Yet I pray the take the labour & do so moche for
To bringe me forwarde for saynt charyte (me
And comforte me tyll I come without the towne
Felawe. Nay and thou wolde gyue me a newe gowne
I wyll not one fote with the goo
But and þ̄ had tarryed I wolde not a left the so
And as now god spede the in thy iourney
For from the I wyll departe as fast as I may
euery man Whether away felawshyp / wylt þ̄ forsake me
Felawe. Ye by my faye / to god I betake the
euery man Farwell good felawshyp for the my herte is sore
Felawe. Adewe for I shall neuer se the no more
euery man In fayth euery man farewell now at the ende
For you I wyll remembre þ̄ partynge is mournyng
Alacke shall we thus departe in dede
O lady helpe without ony more comforte
Lo felawshyp forsaketh me in my moste nede
For helpe in this worlde whether shall I resorte
Felawshyp here before with me wolde mery make
And now I tell sorowe for me doeth he take
It is sayd in prosperyte men frendes may fynde
Whiche in aduersyte be full vnkynde
Now whether for socoure shall I flee
Syth that felawshyp hath forsaken me
To myne kynnesmen I wyll truely
Prayenge them to helpe me in my necessyty
I beleue that they wyll do soo
For kynde wyll crepe where it may not go

I wyll go ſaye/for yender I ſe them go
Where be ye now my frendes and kynneſmen
¶ Here be we now at your commaundemente Kynred.
Coſyn I praye you ſhewe vs your intente
In ony wyſe and do not ſpare
¶ Ye everyman and vs to declare Coſyn.
yf ye be dyſpoſed to go ony whether
For wot ye well / we wyll lyue & dye to gyther
¶ In welthe & wo / we wyll with you holde Kynred.
For ouer his kynne a man may be bolde
¶ Gramercy my frendes & kynneſmen kynde everyman
Now ſhall I ſhew you the greſe of my mynde
I was commaunded by a meſſengere
That is an hye kynges cheſe officere
He bad me go a pylgrymage to my payne
But I know well I ſhall neuer cume agayne
Alſo I muſt gyue rekenynge ſtrayte
For I haue a great enemy / that hath me in wayte
Whiche intendeth me for to hynder
¶ What a counte is that / whiche ye muſt render Kynred.
That wolde I knowe
¶ Of all my workes I muſt ſhewe everyman
How I haue lyued / and my dayes ſpente
Alſo of yll dedes / that I haue vſed
In my tyme / ſyth lyfe was me lente
And of all vertues / that I haue refuſed
Therfore I praye you / go thether with me
To helpe to make myne accounte / for ſaynt charytie
¶ What to go thether / is that the matter Coſyn.
Nay everyman I had leuer faſt breed & water
All this fyue yere and more
¶ Alas that euer I was borne everyman

For now shall I neuer be mery
yf that you forsake me

Kynred. ¶ A syr what ye be a mery man
Take good herte to you / and make no mone
But one thynge I warne you / by saynt Anne
As for me / ye shall go alone

euery man ¶ My cosyn / wyll you not with me go

Cosyn. ¶ No by our lady / I haue the crampe in my to
Trust not to me / for so god me spede
I wyll deceyue you / in your moste nede

Kynred. ¶ It auayleth not vs to tyse
ye shall haue my mayde / with all my herte
She loueth to go to festes / there to be nyce
And to daunce / and a brode to sterte
I wyll gyue her leue / to helpe you in that iurnaye
If that you and she may agree

euery man ¶ Nw shewe me the very effecte of your mynde
Wyll you go with me / or abyde behynde

Kynred. ¶ Abyde behynde / ye that wyll I & I may
Therfore farwell / tyll a nother daye

eueryman ¶ How shulde I be mery or gladde
For fayre promyses / men to me do make
But whan I haue moste nede / they me forsake
I am deceyued that maketh me sad

Cosyn. ¶ Cosyn eueryman farwell now
For verely I wyll not go with you
Also of my owne / an vnredy rekenynge
I haue to accounte / therfore I make taryenge
Now god kepe the / for now I go

euery man ¶ A Jesus is all cume hereto
Loo / fayre wordes maketh fooles fayne
They promyse / & nothynge wyll do certayne

My kynnesmen promysed me faythfully
For to abyde with me stedfastly
And now fast awaye do they flee
Euyn so felawshyp promysed me
What frende were best me of to prouyde
I lose my tyme here longer to abyde
yet in my mynde a thynge there is
All my lyfe I haue loued ryches
If that my good now helpe me / myght
It wolde make my herte full lyght
I wyll speke to hym / in this dystresse
Where arte thou my goodes and ryches.
¶ Who calleth me (eueryman) what hast ye haste — Goodes.
I lye here in corners trussed and pyled so hye
And in chestes I am locked full fast
Also sacked in bagges / thou mayste se wt thyne eye
I cannot stere / in packes low I lye
what wolde ye haue / lyghtly mesaye
¶ Cume hyther good / in all the hast thou may — euery man
For of councell I must desyre the
¶ Syr & ye in the worlde haue trouble or aduersyte — Goodes.
Than can I helpe you / to remedye shortely
¶ It is a nother dysease that greuyth me — euery man
In this worlde it is not / I tell soo
I am sende for another waye to go
To gyne a strayte accounte generall
Before the hyghest Iupyter of all
And all my lyfe / I haue had ioye & pleasure in the
Therfore I praye the go with me
For perauenture thou mayest before god almyghty
My rekenynge helpe to clene and puryfye
For it is sayd euer amonge

That money maketh all ryght / that is wronge

Goodes. ¶ Nay eueryman / I ſynge a nother ſonge
I folow no man in ſuche vyages
For and I wente with the
Thou ſhuldeſt fare moche the worſe for me
For by cauſe on me thou dyde ſet thy mynde
Thy reken ynge I haue made / blotted and blynde
That thyne accounte thou cannot make truely
And that haſte thou for the loue of me

euery man ¶ That wolde greue me full ſore
Whan I ſhulde cum to that ferefull anſwere
Up let vs go thyther to gyther

Goodes. ¶ Nay not ſo I am to bryttell I may not endure
I wyll folow no man one fote be thou ſure

euery man ¶ Alas I haue the loued & had great pleaſure
All my lyfe dayes on good and treaſure

Goodes. ¶ That is to thy dampnacyō without leſynge
For my loue is contrary / to the loue euerlaſtynge
But yf thou had me loued moderately durynge
As to the pooze to gyue parte for me
Than ſhouldeſt thou not in this doloure be
Nor in this great ſorow and care

euery man ¶ Lo now / I was deceyued or I was ware
And all I may wyte my ſpendynge of tyme

Goodes. ¶ What weneſt thou that I am thyne

euery man ¶ I had wente ſo

Goodes. ¶ Nay eueryman I ſay noo
As for a whyle I was lente the
A ſeaſon thou haſte had me in proſperytye
My condycyons is mannes ſoule to kyll
yf I ſaue one / a thouſande I do ſpyll
Weneſt thou that I wyll folowe the

From this worlde nay verely
I had wende otherwyse — euery man
Therfore to thy soule good is a theke — Goodes.
For whan thou arte deed this is my guyse
Another to deceyue in the same wyse
As I haue done the / & al to his soules reproefe
O false good cursed thou be — euery man.
Thou traytour to god / thou hast deceyued me
And caught me in thy snare
Mary thou broughtest thy selfe in care — Goodes.
Where of I am gladde
I must nedes laugh / I cannot be sadde
A good thou hast had my hartely loue — euery man
I gaue the that whiche shulde be the lordes aboue
But wylt thou not go with me in dede
I praye the truthe to saye
No so god me spede — Goodes.
Therfore farewell and haue good daye
O to whome shall I make my mone — euery man
For to go with me / in that heuy iournaye
Fyrst felawshyp / he sayd he wolde with me go
His wordes were very plesaunte and gaye
But afterwards he lefte me alone
Than spake I to my kynnysmen all in despayre
And also they gaue me wordes fayre
They lacked no fayre spekynge
But all forsake me in the endynge
Than wente I to my goodes that I loued best
In hope to haue cumforte / but there had I nest
For my goodes sharpely dyd me tell
That he bryngeth many in hell
Than of my selfe I was a shamed

And so I am worthy to be blamed
Thus may I well my selfe hate
Of whome shall I now counsell take
I thynke that I shall neuer spede
Tyll that I go to my good dede
But alas she is so weke
That she can nother go nor speke
yet will I venture on her now
Wy good dedes where be you
Good ded. Here I lye cold in the grounde
Thy synnes haue me so fore bounde
That I cannot stere
Everyman O good dedes I stonde in fere
I must you praye of counsell
For helpe now shulde cum ryght well
Good ded. Everyman I haue vnderstandynge
That thou arte somoned a counte to make
Before Messyas of Jerusalem kynge
And you do by me that iourney with you will I take
Everyman Therfore I cum to you my mone to make
I praye the to go with me
Good ded. I wold full fayne but I cannot stande verely
Everyman Why is there any thynge on you fall
Good ded. Ye syr I may thanke you of all
yf ye had perfytely cheryshed me
Your bokе of accounte full redy now had be
Loke the bokes of your workes & dedes eke
Beholde how they lye vnder the fete
To your soules heuynes
Everyman Our lorde Jesus helpe me
For one letter here in can I not se
Good ded. There is a blynde reckynge in tyme of dystresse

¶ Good dedes I praye you helpe me in this nede — euery man
Or els I am for euer damned in dede
Therfore helpe me to make my reken ynge
Before the redemer of all thynge
That kynge is and was and euer shall
¶ Eueryman I am sory of your fall — Good ded
And fayne wolde I helpe you & I were able
¶ Good dedes your councell I pray you gyue me — euery man
¶ That shall I do verely — Good ded
Though that on my fete I may not go
I haue a syster that shall with you also
Called knowlege which shall with you abyde
To helpe you to make that dredfull reken ynge
¶ Eueryman I wyll go with the and be thy guyde — Knowlege
In thy moste nede to go by thy syde
¶ In good condycyon I am now in euery thynge — euery man
And am holy contente with this good thynge
Thankyd be god my creature
¶ And whan he hath brought the there — Good ded
Where thou shalte heale the of thy smarte
Than go thou with thy reken ynge & thy good dedes
For to make the ioyfull at the harte (to gyther
Before the blessyd trynytye
¶ My good dedes I thanke the hartfully — euery man
I am well contente certaynly
With your wordes swete
¶ Now go we thether louyngly — Knowlege
To confessyon that clensynge ryuere
¶ For ioye I wepe I wolde we were there — euery man
But I praye you to instructe me by intellectyon
Where dwellyth that holy vertue confessyon
¶ In the house of saluacyon — Knowlege

We shall fynde hym in that place
That shall vs cumforte by goddes grace
Loo this is confessyon / knele downe & aske mercy
For he is in good conceyte with god almyghty

euery man ¶ O gloryous fontayne ẏ all vnclenes doth clarify
Wasshe from me the spottes of vyces vnclene
That on me no synne may be sene
I cum with knowlege for my redempcyon
Redempe with herte and full of contrycyon
For I am commaunded a pylgrymage to take
And great accountes before god to make
Now I praye you shryfte mother of saluacyon
Helpe my good dedes / for my petyous exclamacyon

Confessyō ¶ I know your sorowe well / euery man
Bycause with knowlege ye cum to me
I wyll you comforte as well as I can
And a precyous Jewell I wyll gyue the
Called penaunce voyder of aduersytye
Therwith shall your body chastysed be
With abstynence & ꝑseueraunce in goddes seruyce
Here shall you receyue that scurge of me
Whiche is penaunce stronge that ye must endure
To remembre thy sauyoure was scurged for the
With sharpe scurges and suffered it pacyently
So must ẏ or thou scape that paynful pylgrymage
Knowlege hym and kepe hym in this vyage
And by that tyme good dedes wyll be with the
But in any wyse be sure of mercy
For your tyme draweth fast / and ye wyll saued be
Aske god mercy and he wyll graunte truely
Whan wt the scurge of penaunce man doth hȳ bynde
The oyle of forgyuenes than shall he fynde

¶ Thanked be god for his gracyous werke — euery man
For now I wyll my penaunce begynne
This hath reioysed and lyghted my herte
Though the knottes be paynfull & harde within
¶ Eueryman your penaunce loke that ye fulfyll — Knowlege
What payne that euer it to you be
And knowlege wyll gyue you councell at wyll
How your accounte ye shall make crelery
¶ O eternall god/o heuenly fygure — euery man
O way of ryght wysenes/o goodly vysyon
Whiche descended downe in a vyrgyn pure
Bycause he wolde eueryman to redeme
Whiche Adam forfeyted by his dysobedyens
O blessyd godhede eleete and hye deuyne
Forgyue me my greuous offence
Here I crye the mercy in this presence
O ghostly treasure/o raunsomer & redemer
Of all the worlde/hope and conductor
Myrrour of ioye/and founder of mercy
Whiche enlumyneth heuen and erth therby
Here my clamorous complaynte/though it late be
Receyue my prayers of thy benygnytye
Though I be a synner moste abhomynable
yet let my name be wryten in moyses table
O mary pray to the maker of all thynge
Me for to helpe at my endynge
And saue me from the power of my enemy
For deth assayleth me strongly
And lady that I may by meane of thy prayer
Of thy sonnes glory to be parte taker
By the meane of his passyon I it craue
I beseche you helpe my soule to saue

Knowlege gyue me the scorge of penaunce
My flesshe therwith shall gyue a quytaunce
I wyll now begynne yf god gyue me grace

Knowlege ¶ Euery man / god gyue you tyme and space
Thus I bequethe you in the hādes of our sauyoure
Thus may you make your rekenynge sure

euery man ¶ In the name of the holy trynyte
My body sore punysshyd shalbe
Take this body for the synne of the flesshe
Also thou delytest to go gaye and fresshe
And in waye of dampnacyon ẏ dyd me brynge
Therfore suffre nowe strokes and punysshenge
Now of penaunce I wyll wade the water clere
To saue me from hell and from the fyre

Good dedꝛ ¶ I thanke god now I can walke and go
I am delyuered of my sekenesse and wo
Therfore with eueryman I wyll go and not spare
His god workes I wyll helpe hym to declare

Knowlege ¶ Now eueryman be mery and gladde
Your good dedes do come ye may not be sadde
Now is your good dedes hole and sounde
Goynge vpryght vpon the grounde

euery man ¶ My herte is lyght and shall be euermore
Now wyll I smyte faster than I dyd before

Good dedꝛ ¶ Eueryman pylgrym my specyall frende
Blessyd be thou without ende
For the is prepared the eternall glory
Ye haue me made hole and sounde
Therfore I wyll abyde with the / in euery stounde

euery man ¶ Welcume my good dedes now I here thy voyce
I wepe for very swetenes of loue

Knowlege ¶ Be nomore sad / but euer more reioyce

God ſeeth thy lyuynge in his trone aboue
Put on this garment/to thy behoue
Whiche with your teres is now all wete
Leſt before god/it be vnſwete
Whan you to your iourneyes ende cume ſhall
Gentyll knowlege/what do ye it call — euery man
It is the garmente of ſorowe — Knowlege
From payne it wyll you borow
Contrycyon it is
That getteth forgyuenes
It pleaſyth god paſſynge well
Eueryman wyll you were it/for your hele — Good dede
Now bleſſyd be Jeſu maryes ſonne — euery man
For now haue I on true contrycyon
And let vs go now/without taryenge
Good dedes/haue we clere oure rekenynge
Ye in dede I haue it here — Good dede
Than I truſt we nede not fere — euery man
Now frendes let vs not parte in twayne
Nay eueryman/that wyll we not certayne — Kynred.
Yet muſt thou lede with the — Good dede
Thre perſones of great myght
Who ſhulde they be — euery man
Diſcrecyon and ſtrengthe they hyght — Good dede
And thy beautye may not abyde behynde
Alſo ye muſt call to mynde — Knowlege
Your fyue wyttes/as for your councellers
You muſt haue them redy/at all houres — Good dede
How ſhall I get them hyther — euery man
You muſt call them all to gyther — Kynred.
And they wyll here you incontynent
My frendes cume hyder and be preſent — euery man

Dyscressyon/strength/my fyue wyttes & beautye
Beautye. ¶ Here at your wyll we be redy
What wolde ye that we shalde do
Good dedes ¶ That ye wold with euerymaṅ go
And helpe hym in his pylgrymage
Aduyse you/wyll ye with hym or not/in ẏ byage
Strength ¶ We wyll brynge hym all thether
To his helpe & cumforte/ye may beleue me
Descressiō ¶ So wyll we go with hym all to gyther
euery man ¶ Almyghty god/loued may thou be
I gyue the laude/that I haue hether brought
Strength/dyscressyō/beaute/& fyue wyttes lac I
And my good dedes/with knowlege clere (nought
All be in cumpany at my wyll here
I desyre no more to my besynes
Strength ¶ And I strength wyll stonde by you in destresse
Thoughe ẏ woldest in batayll fyght on ẏ grounde
b. wyttis. ¶ And though it were throughe the worlde rounde
We wyll not departe for swete nor soure
Beautye. ¶ No more wyll I vnto dethes houre
What so euer therof befall
Discressiō ¶ Eueryman aduyse you fyrst of all
Go with a good aduysement/& delyberycyon
We all gyue you vertues monycyon
That all shall be well
euery man ¶ My frendes herken what I wyll tell
I pray god rewarde you/in his heuenly spere
Now herken all that be here
For I wyll make my testament
Here before you all presente
In almes half my good I wyll gyue wt my handes
In the waye of charytye with good entent (twayne

And the other halfe styll shall remane
In quyet to be returned there it ought to be
This I do in despyte of the fende of hell
To go quyte out of his parell
Euer after and this daye.
¶ Eueryman herken what I saye — knowlege
Go to pryesthode I you aduyse
And receyue of hym in ony wyse
The holy sacramente / and oyntment to gyther
Than shortely se ye turne agayne hyder
We wyll all abyde you here.
¶ Ye eueryman hye you / that ye redy were — v. wyttes.
Theyr is no emperour / kynge / duke / ne baron
That of god hath commyssyon
As hath the leest pryest in the worlde beynge
For of the blessyd sacramentes pure & benynge
He bereth the keyes & therof hathe he cure
For mannes redempcyon it is euer sure
Whiche god for our soules medycyne
Gaue vs out of his harte with great pyne
Here in this transytory lyfe / for the and me
The blessyd sacramentes seuen there be
Baptym / confyrmacyon / with pryesthode good
And ẏ sacrament of godd precyous flesshe & blode
Maryage the holy extreme vnccyon and penaunce
These. vii. be good to haue in remembraunce
Gracyous sacramentes of hye dyuynyte
¶ Fayne wolde I receyue that holy body — eueryman
And mekely to my ghostly father I wyll go
¶ Eueryman that is the best that ye can do — v. wyttes.
God wyll you to saluacyon brynge
For good pryesthod exceedeth all other thynge

x Such - so large as - so effectual. See Book 4. dre C. III, b. C. IV, b.

To vs holy scrypture they do teche
And conuerteth man from synne heuen to reche
God hath to them more power gyuen
Than to ony angell that is in heuen
With. v. wordes he may consecrate
Goddes body in fresshe and bloode to make
And handeleth his maker bytwene his handes
The pryest byndeth and vnbyndeth all bandes
Bothe in erth and in heuen
Thou mynysters all the sacrementes seuen
Though we kysse thy fete thou were worthy
Thou arte surgyon that cureth synne deedly
No remedy we fynde vnder god
But all onely pryesthode
Euery man god gaue pryest that dygnyte
And setteth them in his stede amonge vs to be
Thus be they aboue angelles in degre
Knowlege ¶ If pryestes be good it is so surely
But whan Jesu henge on ye crosse wt great smarte
There he gaue out of his blessyd herte
The same sacrament in great tourment
He solde them not to vs that lorde omnipotent
Therefore saynt Peter the apostle doth saye
That Jesus curse hathe all they
Which god theyr sauyour do bye or sell
Or they for ony money do take or tell
Synfull pryestes gyueth the synners example bad
Theyr chyldren sytteth by other mēnes fyres I ha-
And some haunteth womens company (ue herde.
With vnclene lyfe as lustes of lechery
These be with synne made blynde
v. wyttes. ¶ I trust to god no suche may we fynde

xxx
See Book 4. Lre C.iii, b. C.iv, b.

Therfore let vs prayse hode honoure
And folow theyr doctryne for our soules socoure
We be ther shepe and they shepehesdes be
By whom we all be kepte in suerte
Peas for yender I se everyman cume
Which hath made true satysfaccoon
¶ Me thynketh it is he in dede — Good dede
¶ Now Jhesu cryst be your alder spede — everyman
I haue receyued the sacramente for my redempcyō
And thou myne extreme vnccyon
Blessyd be all they that counceyled me to take it
And now frendes let vs go without longer respyte
I thanke god that ye haue tarryed so longe
Now set eche of you on this rodde your honde
And shortly folwe me
I go before there I wolde be / god be our guyde
¶ Everyman we wyll not from you go — Strength
Tyll ye haue gone this vyage longe
¶ I dyscressyon wyll byde by you also — Discressiō
¶ And though this pylgrimage be neuer so stronge — knowlege
I wyll neuer parte you fro
Everyman I wyll be as sure by the
As euer I dyd by Judas machabe
¶ Alas I am so faynt I may not stande — everyman
My lymmes vnder me do folde
Frendes let vs not turne agayne to this lande
Not for all the worldes golde
For into this cane must I crepe
And turne to the erth & there to slepe
¶ What in to this graue alas — Beautye.
¶ Ye there shall you consume more & lesse — every man
¶ And what shulde I smoder here — Beautye.

* Peace! for yonder.

euery man ¶ Ye be my fayth and neuer more appere
In this worlde lyue nomore we ſhall
But in heuen before the hyeſt lorde of all
Beautye. ¶ I croſſe out all this / adewe by fayntе Johñ
I take my cap in my lap and am gone
euery man ¶ What beautye whether wyll ye
Beautye. ¶ Yeas I am defe / I loke not behynde me
Not & thou wolde gyue me all the golde in thy chefe
euery man ¶ Alas wherto may I truſte
Beautye goeth faſt awaye and from me
She promyſed with me to lyue and dye
Strength ¶ Eueryman I wyll the alſo forſake & denye
Thy game lyketh me not at all
euery man ¶ Why / than ye wyll forſake me all
Swete ſtrength tary a lytell ſpace
Strength ¶ Nay ſyr by the rode of grace
I wyll hye me from the faſt
Though thou wepe tyll thy harte braſt
euery man ¶ Ye wolde euer byde by me ye ſayd
Strength ¶ Ye I haue you ferre ynough conuayed
ye be olde ynough I vnderſtande
your pylgrymage to take on hande
I repente me that I hether came
euery man ¶ Strength you to dyſpleaſe I am to blame
Wyll you breke promyſe / that is dette
Strenght ¶ In fayth I care not
Thou arte but a foole to complayne
you ſpende your ſpeche and waſte your brayne
Go thryſt the in to the grounde
euery man ¶ I had wende ſurer I ſhulde you haue founde
He that truſteth in his ſtrength
She hym deceyueth at the length

Bothe strength and beautye forsaketh me
yet they promysed me fayre and louyngly
¶ Eueryman I wyll after strength begone — Descressiō
As for me I wyll leue you alone
¶ Why descressyon wyll ye forsake me — euery man
¶ ye in fayth I wyll go from the — Discressiō
For whan strength goeth before
I folow after euermore
¶ yet I pray the for the loue of the trynytye — euery man
Loke in my graue ones pyteously
¶ Nay so nye I wyll not cume — Descressiō
Farewell euerychone
¶ O all thynge fayleth saue god alone — euery man
Beautye / strength / and descressyon
For whan deth bloweth his blaste
They all renne from me full fast
¶ Eueryman of the now my leue I take — v. wyttis.
I wyll folow the other for here I the forsake
¶ Alas than may I wayle and wepe — euery man
For I toke you for my best frende
¶ I wyll no lenger the kepe — v. wyttes.
Now farwell and there anende
¶ O Iesu helpe all hath forsaken me — euery man
¶ Nay eueryman I wyll byde with the — Good dede
I wyll not forsake the in dede
Thou shalte fynde me a god frende at nede
¶ Gramercy good dede now may I true frendes se — euery man
They haue forsaken me euerychone
I loued them better then my good dedes alone
Knowlege wyll ye forsake me also
¶ ye eueryman whan ye to deth do go — Knowlege
But not yet for no maner of daungere

euery man ¶ Gramercy knowlege with all my herte
knowlege ¶ Naye yet I wyll not from hens departe
Tyll I se where ye shall become
euery man ¶ We thynketh alas that I must be gone
To make my rekenynge and my dettes paye
For I se my tyme is nye spente awaye
Take example all ye that this do here or se
How they that I loued best do forsake me
Excepte my good dedes that bydeth truly
Good ded ¶ All erthy thynge is but vanyte
Beaute strength and discrecyon do man forsake
Folyshe frendes and kynnesmen that fayre spake
All fleeth saue good dedes and that am I
euery man ¶ Haue mercy on me god moost myghty
And stande by me thou moder & mayde holy Mary
Good ded ¶ Fere not I wyll speke for the
euery man ¶ Here I crye god mercy
Good ded ¶ Shorte oure ende and mynyshe our payne
Let vs go and neuer come agayne
euery man ¶ In to thy handes lorde my soule I commende
Receyue it lorde that it be nat lost
As thou me boughtest so me defende
And saue me from the fendes boost
That I may appere with that blessed hoost
That shall be saued at the dome
(In manus tuas) of myghtes moost
For euer (commendo spiritum meum)
knowlege ¶ Now hath he suffred that we all shall endure
The good dedes shall make all sure
Now hathe he made endynge
We thynketh that I here angelles synge
And make great Joye and melodye

it that

Where euery mannes ſoule ſhall receyued be
¶ Cume excellent electe ſpouſe to Jeſu — Aungell.
Here aboue thou ſhall go
By cauſe of thy ſynguler vertue
Now thy ſoule is taken thy body fro
Thy reuenyuge is cryſtall clere
Now ſhalt thou into the heuenly ſpere
Unto the whiche all ye ſhall cume
That lyueth well / before the day of dome.
¶ This memoryall men / may haue in mynde — Portouse
ye heerers take it of worth olde and yonge
And forſake pryde / for he deceyueth you in ꝯ ende
And remembre beautye / fyue wyttes / ſtrength / and
They all at ꝯ laſt / do eueryman forſake (diſcrecyō
Saue his good dedes / there dothe he take
But be ware / for and they be ſmall
Before god / he hath no helpe at all
None excuſe may be there / for eueryman
Alas how ſhall he do than
For after deth / amendes may no man make
For than mercy and pete doeth hym forſake
If his reuenyuge be not clere / whan he do cume
God wyll ſaye (ite maledicti in ignem eternam.
And he that hath his accounte hole & ſounde
Hye in heuen / he ſhall be crounde
Unto the whiche place / god bryngе vs all thether
That we may lyue / body and ſoule to gyther
Therto helpe the trynytye
Say ye for ſaynte charytye.

BRITISH
8 AP 1911
MUSEUM

II. **Everyman:** *a fragment of an edition printed by Pynson (Press-mark C. 21, c. 17. The contents of the missing first twelve leaves of the morality are inserted in a modern script. The leaf and lire numberings are in red ink.)*

Lo felowſhyp forſaketh me in my mooſt nede
For helpe in this worlde / whither ſhall I reſorte
Felowſhyp here before with me / wolde mery make
And nowe I tell ſorowe for me doth he take
It is ſayd / in proſperite men frendes may fynde
Whiche in aduerſite be full vnkynde
Nowe whither for ſocour ſhall I flye
Syth that felowſhyp hath forſake me
To my kynnes men I wyll trewely
Prayeng them to helpe in my neceſſite
I beleue that they will do ſo
For kynde wyll crepe where it may nat go
I will go ſay / for yonder I ſe them go
Where be you nowe my frendes & kynnes men.

Kynrede. Here we be nowe / at your cõmaundement
Coſyn I pray you ſhewe vs your entent
In anywiſe and nat ſpare.

Coſyn. Dye Euery man and to vs declare
If ye be diſpoſed to go any whether

Kynrede. For wete you well / we will lyue and dye togider.
In welthe and wo / we will with you holde
For ouer his kyn a man may be to bolde.

eucry man Gramercy my frendes & kinnes men kynde
Nowe ſhall I ſhewe you the grefe of my mynde
I was commaunded by a meſſangere
That is a hye kynges officere
He bad me go on pilgrymage to my payne
And I knowe well I ſhall neuer come agayne
Alſo I muſt gyue reken ing ſtrayte
For I haue a great enemy / that hath me in wayte
Whiche entendeth me for to hynder.

Kynrede. What a counte is that whiche ye muſt rendre
That wolde I knowe.
euery man. Of all my werkes I muſt ſhewe
Howe I haue lyued/and my dayes ſpent
Alſo of yll dedes that I haue vſed
In my tyme ſyth lyfe was me lent
And of all vertues that I haue refuſed
Therfore I pray you go thether with me
To helpe to make myne accoũte for ſaynt charite
Colyn. What to go thether/is that the mater
Nay Euery man/I had leuer faſt brede & water
All this fyue yere and more
euery man. Alas that euer I was bore
For nowe ſhall I neuer be mery
If that you forſake me.
Kynrede. Ah ſyr/what ye be a mery man
Take good hert to you/and make no mone
But one thynge I warne you by ſaynt Anne
As for me ye ſhall go alone
euery man. My colyn will nat with me go.
Colyn. No by our lady / I haue the crampe in my too
Truſt nat to me/for ſo god me ſpede
I will diſceyue you in your mooſt nede.
Kynrede. It auayleth you nat vs to tyſe
ye ſhall haue my mayde withall my herte
She loueth to go to feeſtes there to be nyſe
For to daunce and abrode to ſterte
I wyll gyue her leaue to helpe you in that iournay
If that you and ſhe may agre.
euery man. Nowe ſhewe me the very effecte of your mynde
Will you go with me/or byde behynde

¶ Byde behinde. ye that will I and I may — Kynrede.
Therfore farewell tyll another day.
¶ Howe shulde I be mery or gladde — euery man.
For feare promesse men to me make
But whan I haue moost nede/they me forsake
I am disceyued/that maketh me sadde.
¶ Cosyn Euery man / farewell as nowe — Cosyn.
For verely I will nat go with you
Also of myne owne lyfe an vnredy rekeninge
I haue to counte/therfore I make taryeng
Nowe god kepe the for nowe I go.
¶ Ah Jesu is all come hereto — euery man.
Lo fayre wordes make foles fayne
They promes moche/& nothing will do certayne
My kynnes men promised me faythfully
For to abyde with me stedfastly
And nowe fast away do they flye
Euen so Felowshyp promised me
What frende were best me of to prouide
I lese my tyme here lenger to byde
yet in my mynde a thinge there is
All my lyfe I haue loued richesse
If that my good nowe helpe me might
It wolde make my herte full lyght
I will speke to him in this distresse
Where art thou my goodes and richesse.
¶ Who calleth me Euery mā/what hast thou haste — goodes.
I lye here in corners trusshed and pyled nye
And in chestes I am locked full fast
Also sacked in bagges/thou maist se with thine iye
I can nat stere/in packes lowe where I lye

What wolde ye haue/lyghtly me ſay.

euery man. ¶ Come hyther good/in all the haſt thou may
For of counſayle I muſt deſyre the

good dedes. ¶ Syr ye in the wolrd haue ſorowe or aduerſite
That can I helpe you to remedy ſhortly.

euery man. ¶ It is another diſeaſe that greueth me
In this worlde it is nat/I tell the ſo
I am ſent for / another way to go
To gyue a ſtrayte counte generall
Before the hyeſt Iuppyter of all
And all my lyfe I haue had my pleaſure in the
Therfore I pray the nowe go with me
For parauenture thou mayſt before god almighty
My rekenyng helpe/to clene and purifye

B iiij. For it is ſayd euer amonge
That money maketh all ryght that is wronge

good dedes. ¶ Nay nay/Euery man I ſynge another ſong
I folowe no man in ſuche vyages
For and I went with the
Thou ſhuldeſt fare moche the worſe for me
For bycauſe on me/thou dyddeſt let thy mynde
Thy rekenyng I haue made blotted and blynde
That thyne accounte/thou can nat make trewely
And that haſt thou for my loue trewely.

euery man. ¶ That wolde greue me full ſore
Whan I ſhulde come to that ferefull anſwere
Up and let vs go thyther togyther.

good dedes. ¶ Nay nat ſo/I am to brotell I may nat endure
I wyll folowe no man/one fote be ye ſure.

euery man. ¶ Alas I haue the loued/and had great pleaſure
All my lyue dayes/on my good and treaſoure

¶ That is to thy dampnation without leasing — Goodes.
For my loue is contrary/to ỹ loue of euerlasting
But if thou had me loued moderatly during
As to the poore gyue parte for the loue of me
Than shuldest thou nat in this dolour haue be
Nor in this great sorowe and care.
¶ Lowe nowe was I disceyued or I was ware — euery man.
And all I may wete myspending of tyme
¶ What weenest thou that I am thyne. — Goodes.
¶ I had went so. — euery man.
¶ Nay Euery man I say no — Goodes.
As for a while I was lent the
A season thou hast had me in prosperite
My condicion is mannes soule to kyll
If I saue one.a thousande I do spyll
Weenest thou that I will folowe the
Nay nat fro this worlde verely.
¶ I had went otherwise — euery man.
¶ Therfore to thy soule/good is a theke — Goodes.
For whan thou art deed this is my gyse
Another to deceyue in the same wyse
As I haue do the/and all to his soules repreke.
¶ O false good/cursed may thou be — euery man.
Thou traytour to god/that hast disceyued me
And caught me in thy snare
¶ Mary thou brought thy selfe in care — goodes.
Wherof I am right gladde
I must nedes laughe I can nat be sadde
¶ Thy good/thou hast had long my hertely loue — euery man.
I gaue the that/whiche shulde be the lordes aboue
But wylt thou nat go with me in dede

I pray the trouth to say.

Good. ¶ No so god me spede
Therfore farewell/and haue good day.

euery man. ¶ O/ to whom shall I make my mone
For to go with me that heuy iournay
First felowshyp said/he wolde with me gone
His wordes were very plesaunt and gay
But afterwarde he lefte me alone
Than spake I to my kinnes men all in dispayre
And also they gaue me wordes fayre
They lacked no feare speking
But all forsoke me in the endinge
Than went I to my goodes that I loued best
In hope to haue foũde cõfort/but there had I lest
For goodes sharply dyd me tell
That he bringeth many into hell
Than of my selfe I was a shamed
And so I am worthy to be blamed
Thus may I well my selfe hate
Of whome shall I nowe counsayle take
I thinke that I shall neuer spede
Tyll that I go to my good dede
But alas she is so weke
That she can nother go ne speke
yet will I venture on her nowe
My good dedes where be you.

good dedes. ¶ Here I lye colde on the grounde
Thy sinnes hath me fore bounde
That I can nat stere.

euery man. ¶ O good dedes I stande in great feare
I must you pray of counsayle

For nowe helpe and well.
¶ Euery man/ I haue vnderstanding — good dedes.
That ye be somoned a count to make
Before Messyas of Jerusalem kyng
And you do by me ỳ iournay with you will I take
¶ Therfore I come to you my mone to make — euery man.
I pray you that ye will go with me.
¶ I wolde full fayne/ but I can nat stande verely. — good dedes.
¶ Why is there any thinge on you fall. — euery man.
¶ Ye syr I may thanke you of all — good dedes.
If ye had paciently chered me
your boke of a count nowe full redy had be
Loke the bokes of your werkes and dedes eke
Ase howe they lye here vnder fete
To your soules heuinesse.
¶ Our lorde Jesus helpe me — euery man.
For one letter here I can nat se.
¶ Here is a blinde rekenyng in tyme of distresse. — good dedes.
¶ Good dedes I pray you helpe me in this nede — euery man.
Or els I am for ouer dampned in dede
Therfore helpe me to make my rekening
Before the redemer of all thinge
That king is and was/ and euer shall.
¶ Euery man I am sory of your fall — good dedes.
And fayne wolde I helpe you and I were able.
¶ Good dedes your counsayle I pray you gyue me — euery man.
¶ That shall I do verely. — good dedes.
Though that on my fete I may nat go
I haue a syster that shall with you also
Called knowlege/ whiche shall with you abyde
To helpe you to make/ that dredefull rekening

knowlege. ¶ Euery man/ I will go with the & be thy guyde
In thy moost nede to go by thy syde.
euery man. ¶ In good condicion I am nowe in euery thinge
And am holy content with this good thinge
Thanked be god my creature.
good dedes. ¶ And whan he hath brought you there
Where thou shalt heale the of thy smarte
Than go you with your rekening/ & your good de
For to make you toyfull at herte (des togyder
Before the blessed Trinite
euery man. ¶ My good dedes gramercy
I am well content certaynly
With your wordes swete.
knowlege. ¶ Nowe go we together louingly
To confession that clensing ryuere.
euery man. ¶ For ioy I wepe/ I wolde we there were
But I pray you gyue me cognisyon
Where dwelleth that holy man Confession.
knowlege. ¶ In the house of saluacion
We shall fynde him in that place
That shall vs comfort by goddes grace
Lo this is Confession/ knele downe & aske mercy
For he is in good conceyte with god almighty.
euery man. ¶ O glorious fountaine ỹ all vnclênes doth clarify
Wasshe fro me the spottes and vices clene
That on me no synne may be sene
I come with knowlege/ for my redempcion
Repent with hert and full contricion
For I am cõmaunded a pilgrimage to take
And a great countes before god to make
Nowe I pray you shryfte mother of saluacion

Helpe hyder my good dedȝ/foꝛ my pitous exclama-
¶ I knowe your ſoꝛowe well euery man (cion. ¶ Confeſſion.
Bycauſe with knowlege ye come to me
I wyll you comfoꝛt/alſwell as I can
And a pꝛecious iewell I wyll gyue the
Called penaunce/boyder of aduerſyte
There with ſhall your body chaſtyſed be
With abſtinence & perſeueraũce/in goddes ſeruice
Here ſhall ye receyue that ſcourge of me
Whiche is penaunce ſtronge/that ye muſt endure
Remembꝛe thy ſauyour was ſcourged foꝛ the
With ſharpe ſcourges/and ſuffred it pacientlȳ
So muſt thou/oꝛ thou paſſe thy pilgrimage
Knowlege kepe hym in this vyage
And by that tyme/good dedes wyll be with the
But in any wyſe be ſeker of mercy
Foꝛ your tyme dꝛaweth faſt and ye wyll ſaued be
Aſke god mercy/and he wyll graunt it the
Whan ẅ ẏ ſcourge of penaũce/mã doth him bynde
The oyle of foꝛgyueneſſe/than ſhall he fynde.
¶ Thanked be god/foꝛ this gracious werke euery man.
Foꝛ nowe I wyll my penaunce begynne
This hath me reioyſed/and lyghted my herte
Though ẏ knottes be paynfull/& harde within.
¶ Euery man/loke your penaũce that ye fulfyll knowlege.
What payne that euer it to you be
And I ſhall gyue you counſayle at wyll
Howe your account/ye ſhall make clerely
¶ O eternall god/O heuenly fygure euery man.
O way of ryghtwyſeneſſe/O goodly vyſyon
Whiche diſcended downe in a virgyn pure

Bycause he wolde euery man redeme
Whiche Adam forfayted by his disobedience
O blessed godheed electe/and hye deuyne
Forgyue me my greuous offence
Here I crye the mercy in this presence
O goostly treasour/O mercyfull redemer
Of all the worlde/hope and conduiter
Myrrour of ioy/foundacion of mercy
Whiche illumyneth heuen and erthe therby
Here my clamorous complaynt though it late be
Receyue my prayers vnworthy in this heuy lyfe
Though I be a synner/moost abhominable
yet let my name be written/in Moyses table
O Mary/pray to the maker of all thinge
Me for to helpe/at my endinge
And saue me fro the power of my enemy
For deth assayleth me strongly
And lady/that I may by meane of thy prayer
Of your sonnes glorie/to be partinere
By the meane of his passion/I it craue
I beseke you helpe me my soule to saue
Knowlege/gyue me the scourge of penaunce
My flesshe theirwith shall haue aquaintaunce
I will nowe begynne/if god gyue me grace.
knowlege. ¶ Euery man/god gyue you tyme and space
Thus I bequeth you/in ẏ handes of our sauiour
Nowe may you make your rekening sure.
euery man. ¶ In the name of all the hole Trinite
My body punisshed sore shalbe
Take this body/for the synne of the flesshe
Also thou delyted to go gay and fresshe

And in the way of dāpnacion thou dyd me brynge
Therfore ſuffre nowe ſtrokes of puniſſhing
Nowe of penaunce I wyll wade the water clere
To ſaue me fro purgatory that ſharpe fyre
¶ I thanke god nowe/ I can walke and go — good dedes.
And am deliuered of my ſickeneſſe and wo.
Therfore with Euery man will I go & nat ſpare
His good werkes I will helpe him to declare.
¶ Nowe Euery man be merry and glad — knowlege.
your good dedes cōmeth nowe/ ye may nat be ſad
Nowe is your good dedes hole and ſounde
Goyng vp right on the grounde.
¶ My hert is light/ and ſhalbe euer more — euery man.
Nowe will I ſmyte faſter than I dyd before
¶ Euery man pilgrimage my ſpeciall frende — good dedes.
Bleſſed be thou without ende
For the is preparate the eternall glorye
ye haue me made hole and ſounde
Therfore I will byde by the euery ſtounde.
¶ Welcome my good dedes now/ I here thy voice — euery man.
I wepe for very ſwetneſſe of loue.
¶ Be no more ſad but euer reioyce — knowlege.
God ſeeth thy lyuyng in his trone aboue
Put on thy garment to thy behoue
Whiche is wette with your teares
Or elſ before god ye may it miſſe
Whan ye to your iournayes ende come ſhall.
¶ Gentill knowlege/ what do you it call — euery man.
¶ It is called the garment of ſorowe — knowlege.
Fro paine it will you borowe
Contricion it is

That getteth forgyuenesse
He pleaseth god passyng well.

good dedes. Euery man/ will ye weare it for your heale.

euery man. Nowe blessed be Jesu Maryes sonne
For nowe haue I one trewe contricion
And let vs go nowe without taryeng
Good dedes/haue we clere our rekenyng.

good dedes. Ye in dede/ I haue them here.

euery man. Than I trust we nede nat to feare
Nowe frendes/let vs nat departe atwayne.

Kynrede. Nay euery man/that wyll we nat certayne

good dedes. Yet must thou leade with the
Thre persones of great myght

euery man. Who shulde they be.

good dedes. Discrecion and strength they hyght
And thy beauty may nat byde behynde.

knowlege. Also ye must call to mynde
your fyue wyttes/as for your counsaylours.

good dedes. You must haue them redy/at all houres.

euery man. Howe shall I geate them them hyder.

Kynrede. You must call them all togyder
And they wyll here you in contynent.

euery man. My frendes come hyder and be present
Discrecion/strength/ my fyue wyttes and beautie

Beautye. Here at your wyll we be redy
What wolde ye that we shulde do.

good dedes. That ye wolde with Euery man go.
And helpe hym in his pylgrymage
Aduise you/ will ye wt̄ him go or nat in this vyage.

Strength. We wyll bringe hym all thyther
To helpe and comfort him/ye may beleue me.

¶ So will we go with hym all together — Discrecion
¶ Almighty god loued may thou be — euery man.
I gyue the laude that I haue hyder brought
Strength/ Discrecio/ Beaute .v. wettes lacke I
And my good dedes w knowlege clere (nought
All be in company at my will here
I desyre no more to my businesse.
¶ And I strength will by you stande in distresse — Strength.
Though y wolde in batayle fight on the grounde.
¶ And though it were thorowe y worlde rounde — v. wyttes.
We will nat departe for swete ne for soure.
¶ No more will I vnto Bethes houre — Beautye.
What so euer therof befall.
¶ Euery man aduise you first of all — Discrecion
Go with a good aduisement and deliberacion
We all gyue you vertuous monycion.
That all shalbe well.
¶ My frendes harke what I will you tell — euery man.
I pray god rewarde you in his heuenly spere
Nowe herken all that be here
For I will make my testament
Here before you all present
In almesse halfe my good I gyue with my handes
In y way of charite with good intent (twayne
And the other halfe styll shall remayne
I it bequethe to be retourned there it ought to be
This I do in dispite of the fende of hell
To go quyte out of his perell
Euer after this day.
¶ Euery man harken what I wyll say — knowlege.
Go to preesthode I you adwyse
Euery man. ¶

And receyue of him in any wyse
The holy sacrament and oyntement togydes
Than shortly se ye tourne agayne hyder
We will all abyde you here

v.wyttes. Lye Euery man/hye you that ye redy were
There is no emperour/kyng/duke ne baron
That of god hath commissyon
As hath the leest preest in the worlde beynge
For of the blessed sacramentes pure and benigne
He bereth the kayes/and therof hath cure
For mannes redempcion it is euer sure
Whiche god for our soules medicyne
Gaue vs out of his herte with great payne
Here in this transitorye lyfe for the and me
The blessed sacramentes .vii. there be
Baptyme/confirmacion/with preesthode good
And ỹ sacramẽt of goddes precious flesshe & blode
Maryage/the holy extreme vnction/& penaunce
These .vii. be good to haue in remembraunce
Gracious sacramentes of hye deuinyte

euery man. I fayne wolde I receyue that holy body
And mekely to my goostly father I will go

v.wyttes. Euery man/that is the best that ye can do
God will you to saluacion brynge
For preesthode exceedeth all other thynge
To vs holy scripture they do teche
And conuerteth man fro synne heuen to reche
God hath to them more power gyuen
Than to any aungell that is in heuen
With .v. wordes he may consecrate
Goddes body in flesshe and blode to take

And handeleth his maker bytwene his handes
The preest byndeth/and vnbyndeth all bandes
Bothe in erthe and in heuen
Thou minysters all the sacramentes seuen
Though we kyst thy fete thou were worthy
Thou art the surgyan that cureth synne deedly
No remedy may we fynde vnder god
But alone on preesthode
Euery man god gaue preest that dignite
And letteth them in his stede amonge vs be
Thus be they aboue aungels in degre.
¶ If preestes be good it is so suerly knowlege.
But whan Jesu henge on ẏ crosse w̄ great smarte
There gaue he vs out of his blessed herte
The same sacrament in great tourment
He helde them nat to that lorde omnipotent
Therfore saynt Peter the apostell do the say
That Jesus curse haue all they
Whiche god their sauyour do bye or sell
Or they for any money do take or tell
Sinfull preestes/ gyueth the sinners example bad
Their children sytteth by other mens fyres I haue
And some haunteth womens company (harde
With vnclene lyfe/as lustes of Lechery
These be without synne made blynde.
¶ I trust to god no suche may we fynde v. wyttes.
Therfore let vs preesthode honoure
And folo we their doctrine for our soules socour
We be their shepe/and they shephardes be
By whom we all be kept in suerte
Peace/for yonder I se Euery man come

Whiche hath made trewe ſatiſfaction.

good dedes. ¶ Me thinke it is he in dede.

euery man. ¶ Nowe Jeſu be our alder ſpede
Jhaue receyued the ſacrament for my redempcion
And myne extreme vncction
Bleſſed be all they that counſayled me to take it
And nowe frendes/let vs go without lêger reſpite
Jthanke god that ye haue taryed ſo longe
Nowe ſet eche of you on this rodde his hande
And ſhortly folowe me
Jgo before there Jwolde be
God be our guyde.

Strength. ¶ Euery man/we will nat fro you go
Tyll ye haue gone this vyage longe.

Diſcrecion/knowlege. ¶ Jdiſcrecion will byde by you alſo
¶ And though this pilgrimage be neuer ſo strong
Jwill neuer part you fro.

Strength. ¶ Euery man Jwill be as ſure by the
As euer Jwas by Judas Machabe.

euery man. ¶ Alas/Jam faynt Jmay nat ſtande
My lymmes vnder me do folde
Frendes/let vs nat turne agayne to this lande
Nat for all the worldes golde
For in to this caue muſt Jcrepe
And tozne to the erthe and there ſlepe.

Beautye. ¶ What in to this graue/alas

euery man. ¶ Ye/there ſhall we conſume more and leſſe

Beautye. ¶ And what ſhulde Jſmoder here

euery man. ¶ Ye be my fay/and neuer more appere
In this worlde lyue no more we ſhall
But in heuen before the hyeſt lorde of all

¶ I croſſe out all this/adieu by ſaynt Iho̅n — Beautye.
I take my tappe in my lappe and am gone
¶ What Beaute/whether will ye. — euery man.
¶ Peas I am defe/I loke nat behinde me — Beautye.
Nat & thou wolde gyue me all ẏ golde in thy cheſt
¶ Alas/where to may I nowe truſt — euery man.
Beaute dothe faſt away hye
Ye promiſed with me to lyue and dye.
¶ Euery man I will the alſo forſake and denye — Strength.
Thy game lyketh me nat at all.
¶ why than ye will forſake me all — euery man.
Strength tary I pray you a lytell ſpace
¶ Nay ſyr by the rode of grace — Strength.
I will hye me fro the faſt
Though thou wepe tyll thy hert braſt.
¶ Ye wolde euer haue bydde by me ye ſayd — euery man.
¶ Ye/I haue you ferre ynough conueyed — Strength.
ye be olde ynoughe I vnderſtande
your pilgrimage to take on hande
I repent me that I hether came. — euery man.
¶ Strength/you to diſpleaſe I am to blame
yet promiſe is dette/this ye well wot — Strength.
¶ In faythe as for that I care not.
Thou art but a foole to complayne
Thou ſpendeth thy ſpeche and waſteſt thy brayne
Go truſſe the into the grounde.
¶ I had went ſurer I ſhulde you haue founde — euery man.
But I ſe well/he that truſteth in his ſtrength
Is greatly diſceyued at the length
For Strength and Beaute/hath forſaken me
yet they promiſed me ſtedfaſt to be.

Discretion. ¶ Euery man I will after strength be gone
As for me I will leaue you alone.
euery man. ¶ Why Discrecion/ will ye forsake me.
Discrecion. ¶ Ye in good fayth I will go fro the
For whan strength is gone before
Than I folowe after euer more.
euery man. ¶ Yet I pray the for loue of the Trinite
Loke in my graue and thou shalt se.
Discrecion. ¶ Nay so nye I will nat come
Nowe farewell felowes euerychone.
euery man. ¶ O all thinge fayleth saue god alone
Beaute/ Strength/ and Discrecion
For whan Deth bloweth his blaste
They all ronne away fro me fast.
v. wyttes. ¶ Euery man/ of the nowe my leue I take
I will folowe the other/ for here I the forsake
euery man. ¶ Alas than may I bothe wayle and wepe
For I toke you for my best frende.
v. wyttes. ¶ I will no lenger the kepe
Nowe farewell and here an ende.
euery man. ¶ Nowe Jesu helpe/ all hath forsaken me.
good dedes. ¶ Nay Euery man I will a byde with the
I will nat forsake the in dede
Thou shalt fynde me a good frende at nede.
euery man. ¶ Gramercy good dedes/ now may I true frendes se
They haue forsake me euerychone
I loued them better than my good dedes alone
Knowlege will ye forsake me also.
knowlege. ¶ Ye Euery man/ whan you to Deth shall go
But nat yet for no maner of daungere.
euery man. ¶ Gramercy knowlege with all my hert

¶ Nay yet I will nat fro hens departe — knowlege.
Tyll I ſe where ye ſhall become.
¶ Me thinketh alas that I muſt begone — euery man.
To make my rekenyng/and my dettes paye
For I ſe my tyme is nye ſpent away
Take enſample all ye that this do here or ſe
Howe they that I loued beſt/nowe forſake me
Except my good dedes that bydeth trewly.
¶ All erthely thinges is but vanite — good dedes.
Beaute/ Strength/ & Diſcrecion/do man forſake
Folyſhe frendes and kynnes men that fayre ſpake
All flyeth ſaue good dedes/ and that am I
¶ Haue mercy on me god mooſt mighty — euery man.
And ſtande by me thou moder & mayde Mary.
¶ Fere nat/ I will ſpeke for the. — good dedes.
¶ Here I crye god mercy. — euery man.
¶ Shorte our ende and mynyſhe our payne — good dedes.
Let vs go and neuer come agayne.
¶ Into thy handes lordes my ſoule I cõmende — euery man.
Receyue it lorde that it be nat loſte
As thou me boughteſt ſo me defende
And ſaue me fro the fendes boſte
That I may appere with that bleſſed hoſte
That ſhall be ſaued at the day of dome
In manus tuas of mightes mooſt
For euer commendo ſpiritum meuum.
¶ Nowe hath he ſuffred that we ſhall endure — knowlege.
Thy good dedes ſhall make all ſure
Nowe hath he made ending
Me thinke that I here aungels ſynge
And maketh great ioy and melody
Where euery mannes ſoule ſhall receyued be

the aūgel. ¶Come excellent electe ſpouſe to Jeſu
Here aboue thou ſhalt go
Bycauſe of thy ſinguler vertue
Nowe thy ſoule is taken thy body fro
Thy reckening is chriſtall clere
Nowe ſhalt thou into the heuynly ſpere
Unto the whiche all ye ſhall come
That lyueth well after the day of dome.

Doctour. ¶This memoryall men may haue in mynde
ye herers take it a worthe olde and ponge
And forſake pryde for he diſceyueth you in thende
And remēbre beaute. v. witt. ſtrength & diſcrecion
They all at laſt do Euery man forſake
Saue his good dedes there dothe take
But bewate for and they be ſmall
Before god he hath no helpe at all
None excuſe may be there for Euery man
Alas howe ſhall he do than
For after deth amendes may no man make.
For than mercy and pyte dothe him forſake
If his rekening be nat clere whan he do come
God will ſay. Ite maledicti in ignem eternum.
And he that hath his account hole and ſounde
Hye in heuyn he ſhalbe crounde.
Unto whiche place / god bringe vs all thether
That we may lyue body and ſoule togyder
Therto helpe the Trinite
Amen ſay ye for ſaynt charite.

¶Finis.

¶Imprynted at London in Fletеſtrete by me
Rycharde Pynſon prynter to the kynges
mooſt noble grace.